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NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 47.—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1808.

NO. 1037.

ON COWARDICE.

I AM one of those unfortunate men who are generally stigmatized by the world with the terrible title of "a Coward." As soon as I was eleven years old, my father, very much against my mother's inclination, dispatched me to a boarding school, where, after hearing the usual interrogatories of the boys, "What is your name? Who is your father? What is he? Does he keep a carriage? What book do you read?" and "Have you brought any dog with you?" I found myself kicked and flogged on all sides by archons of seven years. I remonstrated, cried, and threatened to tell the master, but in vain; nor could I for a considerable period understand the intention of this extraordinary discipline; but in process of time I discovered that the worrying of boys was a general practice, and that no boy who did not make a spirited defence against this treatment at the first attack, was reviled with the least consideration in the school. That, in short, all non-resistant were ranked as cowards, and put at once to the various exercises which cowards can be fit for, flogging the big boys, writing out their exercises, carrying them upon their backs. Having for some time led a life of sorrow, mortification, and pain, I was at thirteen years of age, on my father's death, taken from school by my sympathetic mama, who could not bear the idea of my aggravated sufferings. But my tears did not end here, for the nurse maid, to whom I was entrusted, found out my feelings, and took every opportunity of beating me in revenge, perhaps, for the trouble which she gave her, as she thought, unnecessarily. At fifteen I was removed from her tuition, not without considerable satisfaction at escaping from a tyranny which I durst not resist, and of which I was afraid to complain, lest more rigorous treatment should ensue.

I was now introduced by my mother to balls, parties of various kinds, through which I got on without any misfortunes much severer than a little neglect from men, and the giggling girls in corners. There was, however, one circumstance which gave me some little uneasiness. I remarked that, till by the introduction of the volunteer system the character of an officer was degraded and vulgarized, but all the women gave a decided preference to red coats. It was once said, that "he conquers men is sure to conquer women;" I suppose it must be the idea of slaughter, which renders a trumphy Ensign more agreeable in the eyes of the fair than a gentleman of a thousand a year; though I own I have always thought it a whimsical paradox, that those whose natures are said to be so soft, nay, whose are commonly denominated the softer sex, should take such delight in men of blood. Be that as it may, the officers always led every thing before them at our country assemblies.

I was now two and twenty, and my mamma thought it a pity so pretty a person, and such parts as mine, should run to seed. She accordingly pitched upon a young lady to

whom she desired I should pay my addresses; and as I had plenty of gold in my pocket, though very little brass in my face, this young lady's guardians strongly recommended the alliance. She did not admire me at all, she declared, but was, by frequent remonstrances, and secret influence, prevailed on at last to consent. I should now have been soon settled in life, but for a very untoward occurrence which happened a few days ago. Last Tuesday was fixed on as the day for our wedding; and on the preceding Friday a dinner and ball were given at the house town by a lady of fashion in the county. Among the company assembled on this occasion was a young barrister from town. This fellow after dinner sported a number of jests, and amused himself particularly with ridiculing me. The ladies enjoyed his jokes, and laughed at his drollery, but I was by no means so much entertained. As ill luck would have it, I was sitting by a sister of his, and took it into my head to revenge myself on the brother, by playing with her neck and hair. These agreeable little civilities on my part were not, however, relished by the sister, and she complained, in a tone very audible, to the whole company. The barrister interfered, and threatened to punish me. I told him that I knew he durst not touch me, for that if he meddled with a hair of my head, I would get constables, and have him sent to prison. He rose from his seat, and requested me in a whisper to step with him out of the room; I did not by any means guess from his unembarrassed manner, the intention which he had in the request, and accordingly followed him to the antichamber. But how much was I astonished, when, without further ceremony, I found my nose within the grasp of a merciless fist, and, on disengaging myself from its hold to retreat, felt my rear on a sudden assailed with a shower of bruises and kicks! It was ten minutes before I sufficiently recovered from my alarm to venture on re-entering the dinner room. When I did so, I found my tormentor very quietly lolling on a couple of chairs, the ladies having just retired. No direct notice was taken by any one of the affair that had occurred; but I could see by the jests that were cracked, and the bursts of merriment which every now and then arose without any apparent cause, that my defeat was not a secret to the company at large. At nine we went up to the ball room, and on applying for the hand of the lady who was destined for my bride, I was not a little surprised to understand that she had engaged herself to my enemy. Then indeed I felt, in every sense, the truth of the old maxim, "Faint heart never won fair lady." The first two dances were at length concluded, and my intended wife was led by her partner to a seat. "Miss Maria," said he to her, with unparalleled effrontery, "I have reason to believe that the partner on who has been chosen for you alliance," meaning me, "is not the object of your love, and I flatter myself, from the obliging manner in which you have received my attentions, that I myself am better suited to you inclination and to you dignity.

Consider of my proposal to-night-to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, I shall pass your house; if you approve my offer, tie a white handkerchief to the window sash, and I will instantly apply to your guardians." Would you believe it, she did tie the white handkerchief to the window sash! my rival applied to the guardians; the guardians finding that, though a barrister, he was heir to a considerable fortune, consented to break off the alliance with me, and on Tuesday, the very day appointed for my own nuptials, I had the vexation to see a carriage at the door of the church with white favours in the servants' hats.

Now all these mortifications and misfortunes, if indeed the missing of a wife may be called a misfortune, have risen from a wish of mine to exercise only the better part of valour, discretion. And yet, when we come to consider this matter with any degree of philosophy, we shall all be convinced, that to despise a man of cowardice is as absurd as to despise him for sickness. It is all the fault of constitution, and if a man suffer for pusillanimity he suffers unjustly and his nerves are more to blame than he. Metaphysicians assign us five causes of courage—example, custom, folly, irascibility, and intoxication. A pretty virtue, truly, that may be produced by the rage of imitation, the fashion of the crowd, the ignorance of a boy, a guest of ill humour, or a glass of brandy!

It was said by the Duc de Rochefoucauld, and I believe very truly, that "all men would be cowards if they durst." For that what is commonly called courage, is in most men only a great fear, the dread of dishonour conquering the dread of pain. If Aristotle's assertion be true, and a fellow who does not know the sensation of fear to be a fool; if philosophers, after the division of courage into two kinds, the active and the passive, have been wise in preferring the latter:—then he, whom the world calls an unrepenting coward, is in fact the bravest man: ay, and not only the bravest, but the wisest, since of two evils a man ought always to choose the less; and a pull of the nose is undoubtedly an evil much lighter than a shot in the breast.

A Polish Prince, whose name I do not remember, but who, like the Scagrite, seems to have entertained a considerable contempt for your senseless valour, was going through a wood with a numerous retinue, when, by the side of their path, not twenty yards from the direction in which the prince passed, a lion was observed in the act of tearing his prey. One of the guards, I suppose for the sake of displaying his bravery, stepped up to the hungry beast, and, grasping him by the throat snatched away his banquet, and drove him backwards into the wood! The prince perceived the action and though he thought it his duty to make the foolhardy fellow a present in compensation for the loss of his post in the guard he bestowed him immediately, conceiving it unsafe to have so desperate a blockhead in attendance on his person. In the guard of that prince, perhaps, I should have cut a much more respectable figure than at present I appear to do.

It seems, then, but reasonable and proper to believe, that fear not only is undeserving of contempt, but is one of our natural feelings, which ought, like all other passions, to exist in some measure within the breast of every individual: and, indeed, he who does not possess it in any degree, must be much more or much less than human. The noblest men have at some moments shown signs of fear. One of the kings of Navarre, whose bravery was perfectly acknowledged, was surnamed the Trembler, for he never entered a battle without throbbings and palpitations of the most violent description. On one occasion his squire, as he armed him, imagined that the king was in too great fear to conduct himself with propriety, and was endeavouring to encourage and animate him. "Poor man (said the king) you know but little of me. Could my flesh be aware of the dangers to which my courage will this day expose me, this body of mine would not escape with an slight a convulsion as that which you have witnessed."—Now here's a strange mixture of bravery and cowardice! Was this a hero or a poltroon? And has any man a right after this to despise me for cowardice? However, if any more scandalous insinuations of any kind are sent forth about me, I am determined to bring an action at once against the utterer. Our fear then, mixing itself in this manner with our other qualities, may descend to the humblest occurrences of life, and ought to be the universally operating check of all our actions, even the most minute. When on the tomb of Marius Fabuda, Charles the Fifth perused the epitaph, which states that the deceased was a stranger to fear!—Aye, indeed! (cried Charles, gaily): *I'll warrant this brave man never snuffed a candle with his fingers!*

However, notwithstanding all this, since it must be confessed that the prejudice goes strongly against tranquillity, I cannot help wishing I myself were brave, at least brave enough to deter people from saying that they thought me otherwise. But I have written thus much to prove, that fear does not deserve so much contempt as men suppose, and that, for my own part, if I cannot be a hero upon instant, I at least can be a coward upon principle.

TIMOTHY TIMID.

The brave Dutch admiral Van Tromp, who was a large heavy man, was challenged by a thin active French officer. "We are not upon equal terms with rapier" (said Van Tromp), but call upon me to-morrow morning, and we will adjust the affair better." When the Frenchman called, he found the Dutch admiral bestirring a barrel of gunpowder: "There is room enough for you (said Van Tromp,) at the other end of the barrel; sit down, there is a match, and as you were the challenger, give fire." The Frenchman was a little thunderstruck at this terrific mode of fighting; but as the Dutch admiral told him he would fight no other way, terms of accommodation ensued.

CALPURNIA, the wife of Pliny, was one of the most amiable females of the age in which she lived; and the affection with which she justly inspired the breast of her husband, is displayed in a letter which he wrote to her aunt, who had undertaken the care of her education, and had instilled the most virtuous sentiments into her mind. "I doubt not," says Pliny, "but you will rejoice to hear that she proves worthy of her father, and of you—she has great talents, is an excellent economist, and I possess the entire affection of her heart. To these qualities she unites a taste for literature; she has collected my works, which she reads perpetually, and even learns to repeat. When I am to plead, how great is the anxiety she suffers! when I have succeeded, how exquisite is her joy! she even engages people to tell her what applauses I have gained. She sings my verses untaught, and adapts them to her lute. She is not captivated by my youth or beauty, but with the lustre which attends my name. And these are the sentiments which become a woman instructed by your precepts, and formed by your hand."

This is a character which every female should be emulous of obtaining from her husband; and depraved must be the heart that could withhold affection and confidence from worth so exalted, and tenderness so refined. The heart of Pliny was sensibly alive to her virtues; he recorded them on every occasion, with all the powers of rhetoric, and delicate effusions of tenderness.

For the Weekly Museum.

A SONG.

CEASE, fair maiden, cease thy anguish;
Cease those bright tears to flow;
N'er in so rowl pipe and languish,
But let Friendship soothe thy woe.
Though misfortune's train attend you,
Though her ruinous ill increase;
What though caprice pleasures fly you,
Friendship holds the helm of peace.

Life is but a scene of sorrow,
Like as clouds that veil the sky—
Joy to-day, and grief to-morrow;
Short-lived pleasures quickly fly!
Waste no more the flower of beauty,
Youth's short moment flies apace;
Reason, pointing to our duty,
Mildly soothing lulls to peace.

W. F. H.

FROM THE AMERICAN.

A SONG.

'Love's a pain that works our woe.'

Ye fair, whose gentle, yielding hearts
Are previous to the Uchin's drifts,
Remember this—you'll find it so:
'Love's a pain that works our woe.'

Does some sighing, flattering swain,
At your feet declare his pain?
Let the fond deceiver know,
'Love's a pain that works our woe.'

Should I you listen to his tale,
And let his amorous sighs prevail,
His falsehood soon will make you know,
'Love's a pain that works our woe.'

When the little God of Love
In your hearts begins to move,
Quickly from them make him go:—
'Love's a pain that works our woe.'

Fair ones, this our prayer should be:
May we from affection free,
Never by experience know,
'Love's a pain that works our woe.'

INVOCATION TO HOPE

HAIR, pleasing Hope, of aspect mild,
Mistress's gem, and Fancy's child!
On eagle's wings, triumphant borne,
Thou flyest to ease the lover's moan.

To raise the head of pale distress,
And bid her feel her sorrows less,
And when destruction seems more near,
With angel softness lo'at t' appear.

Thou lo'at to cheer the wo-worn mind,
Misfortune's bleeding wounds to bind,
To free the mind from anxious care,
And ere for brighter scenes prepare.

A GENTLEMAN,

in London, having received three letters by the same post, acquainting him with the death of his Wife, his Mistress, and his favourite child, made these reflections—

I've lost my Mistress, Horse, and Wife!
But when I think on human life,
I'm glad it is no worse:
My wife was ugly, and a scold,
My Child was grown lean and old—
I am sorry for my horse!

'SHUT THE DOOR'

AT this season of the year, a few remarks on the subject of the above quotation may not be inapposite. Much inconvenience and great mischief frequently result from what are termed trifling errors; and although no very serious evil has ever arisen, from my knowledge, from the neglect which so frequently require this command, still it cannot be denied that in the aggregate much vexation and real inconvenience result from it. It often excites, besides disagreeable feelings, hard scolding, and sometimes violent swearing. It irritates and vexes—it makes peevish and cross.

It is indeed of no trifling consequence in a winter's day, to have one's door kept open for third or fourth part of the time; and more especially when that door directly communicates with the 'wide world.' More cold is admitted in few minutes than can be expelled in two hours. Hence we are compelled to a greater consumption of fire and experience the loss of comfortable feelings.

The sum of good manners is to do nothing unnecessarily, which is disagreeable to others. Yet how often at this season of the year is this rule violated in neglecting to 'shut the door.'

John Slovenly often comes to my house on errands; but let the weather be ever so cold, he must stand with the door half way open until he has delivered his message, and received an answer—we are comfortably warm when John makes his appearance, we are sure to be uncomfortably cold when he leaves the house. Solomon Bashful is another plague in winter. He too must always stand with the door open till his business is accomplished—evidently for the purpose of securing a retreat in case of attack. Ask Solomon, to come to the fire, and shut the door. "No, thank ye, I ain't cold, I am in a minute." Is all you get out of Solomon; as for Betty Glibtongue, she always begins her tale when she is going, and with the door half open talks one into a fit of the ague before the latch brought to the catch, and her tongue between her teeth. Jack Lazy has a mortal aversion to shutting any door after him. He must do his business, a then if it be not too much trouble, when he goes out, Jack will shut the door—or, you may shut it for him. Plague on such folks in cold weather.

Again, my boy Tom (till I learned him better was in the habit, if a stick of wood, or pail of water, was to be brought in, of constantly leaving the door open till the thing was accomplished. I thought himself warmer out of doors if he could but see his way clear into the house again. But whether her business was down stairs or up in garret, must always have the doors open, for it was comforting to her, if she was cold, to reflect that the rest of the family were in a fair way of becoming so too. And even my good wife Jemima (often though) makes a slip in this way: but a look her 'for better for worse,' it is neither prudent nor becoming in me to say much on this particular.

Indeed, as you may well suppose, from what I have said, I have had sorry times of it in cold weather. It is true, of late I have effected considerable reformation within my own jurisdiction; but the world still goes on in the old way, and as I have much to do with it and it with me, I have an cause, with the rest of my neighbours, of complaint and am often compelled to cry out 'shut the door!'

This subject may be thought a trifling one, some to lecture the world upon in the public papers, but I mistake if the majority, at this time, do not feelingly join me, and often cry out 'shut the door! On this subject, I think it high time to call thoughtless and impudent to account. In houses of public worship (especially since it has lately become fashionable to be running in and out during the whole time of service) as well as in our private dwellings, this too common mark of ill breeding is becoming more and more observable. It is a shameful conduct, let it be practised by whom it may; it highly behoves heads of families, and teachers of youth, to impress upon the minds of those to whom they have control (and upon their own minds too), the gross impropriety of the neglect here complained of. The eradication of this trait of bad manners will be of more benefit to the community than all their antic capers learnt at dancing schools in the space of an age.

A Friend to Good Manners.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1808.

A vein rich in copper, has lately been discovered in the mountains on the east end of Totten and Crossfield's purchase.

Burnett's Brewery, at Middletown, Connecticut, was destroyed by fire on Friday, the 23d inst. It is not known how this accident occurred, but it is supposed to have been set on fire by some incendiary. The property was partly insured.

Count Florida Blanca, an old, able, and experienced statesman, of the true Castilian school, has been declared President of the Supreme Junta of Spain, for life; and when sitting at the head of that assembly, is addressed by the title of "His Majesty." There are two considerations connected with this appointment, which are deserving of notice. The declaring him appointed for life, evinces that the Junta consider themselves constituted; the title by which he is addressed is perhaps merely complimentary to their absent King, whom they thus tacitly, or rather openly, acknowledge, as presiding in the deliberations of that august and patriotic body. We give this on the authority of a letter from the Havana of the first respectability.

N. Y. G.

Count Florida Blanca was minister of his Catholic Majesty, in the year 1790 when the dispute about Nootka Sound took place between England and Spain. The Count was the adjusting minister with the British government.

Citizen.

A letter from St. Croix, dated November 19, says:—"In a few weeks Martinique will be added to the number of captured islands, as well as Guadeloupe, as it is supposed little opposition will be made. A force of from 8 to 10,000 men goes against them."

The French are said to have demanded of Prussia, that all ships detained in her ports, as coming from England, should be condemned.

Extract of a letter from Pensacola, dated Nov. 3, 1808.

"A plot has been discovered, which has in some measure disturbed the public tranquillity; but the leader of it, a Serjeant, is now in confinement, and it is supposed will be hung in two or three days."

Female Insurrection.—An Augusta (Maine) paper says, "We hear that a number of women, a few days since, collected in a body, at Castine, and went to the goal, and liberated several of the prisoners, confined there for breaches of the embargo laws."

At the late court of general sessions of the peace, held at the city hall in this city on Tuesday the 18th inst. a young man (whose name through delicacy to his family we are requested to conceal) was convicted of riotous conduct in disturbing the congregation of the Methodist Church in Second Street in the exercise of its religious worship. He had been often guilty of similar offences at the different churches belonging to this denomi-

nation of christians, and had as often been suffered to pass with impunity. But the necessity of showing to the immoral and unprincipled that the law recognizes and punishes offenders of the prisoner's description, and to hold out his example as a warning to others, induced the society to commence a criminal process against him. The court, fully impressed with the heinous nature of the crime, sentenced him to six months confinement in the city prison; and at the expiration of that time to find security for his good behaviour for one year, himself in 200 dollars, and one surety in 100.

David I. Scorr, who had been convicted of bigamy at a former sessions, and whose sentence was suspended by the court to give him an opportunity of producing testimonials of character, was ordered to three years and one day hard labour in the state prison.

Mr. Adv.

The following orders are exactly copied from the originals, which were lately sent to the Parish Clerk in a village in Hertfordshire. His name is Jeremy:—

"Mistr. Gummery, my well is dede and wanner to bee burid. Dig a grave for him an thee shal com to bee burid tomperr at wanner cloke.—You, know were to dige it bi mi uthre wief letet bee dip."

"I polish the bars of marriage betwene James Soul and Sarah Simmons both in this Parrick, if any one just cause impementment y thes tow persons should not be joined to geather are now to declar-it." Lon. pap.

At the Old Bailey, in London, after the Recorder had passed sentence of transportation upon the Western Convicts, before they left the bar, one exclaimed, "she cared not, for he had now done his worst," and the whole party left the bar, and began singing "Big, Bow, Wou," which was heard in full chorus until they were out of ear-shot.

Mr. Addison, when in a thoughtful mood, had a custom of suddenly clapping his hand behind him. Some young men of fashion undertook to quiz him for it, among whom was one who was a notorious spendthrift, and who without further ceremony, said, "Do now tell us, Mr. Addison, what is the reason you so constantly keep one hand behind you?" "Because," said Addison, "it has ever been my determination, Sir, to keep myself before hand in the world."

A CHARITY SERMON

Will be preached, and a Collection raised in the Old Presbyterian Church in Wall street, for the benefit of the Poor, to morrow morning, January the 1st—and another in the afternoon, in their Brick Church, for the same benevolent purpose. Dec. 31, 1808.

JUST PUBLISHED, AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, THE TRIAL OF LIEUTENANT RENSHAW,

OF THE U. S. NAVY, INDICTED FOR CHALLENGING JOSEPH STRONG, ESQ.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, TO FIGHT A DUEL.

With the Speeches of the learned counsel, Colden, Hoffman, and Emmet.

Taken in Short-hand, by William Sampson, Esq. With an Appendix, containing the Proceedings of the Naval Court of Inquiry, held by order of the Secretary of the Navy.

December 31, 1808

COURT OF HYMEN.

Blest state! where souls each other draw—
Where love is liberty and law!
The choicest blessing found below,
That man can wish, or Heaven bestow.

MARRIED.

On Friday evening, the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Capt. James Cullum to Miss Catharine Haughton, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, Joshua Dower, Esq. of Preston, Connecticut, to Miss Sarah Rathbone, daughter of Mr. John Rathbone, of this city.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. John Swan to Miss Agnes Lincoln, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, B. Byles, Esq. of London, to Miss Sarah Lyue, daughter of Edward Lyde, Esq. of this city.

At Jamaica, Long-island, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Faintout, Mr. David Lamberson, merchant, to Miss Ann Furman, both of that place.

At Haerlem, on Saturday, the 17th inst. by the Rev. John Jackson, Mr. William Archer, to Miss Sarah Berrian, both from the Manor of Fordham.

MORTALITY.

The solemn temple and the marble dome,
The cloud-top'd mountain, and the bright expanse,
All must return to their primeval gloom,
Nor leave the traces of the faintest glance.

DIED.

At Hilton, North-Carolina, on the 9th inst. aged 41, William Henry Hill, Esq.—He was appointed attorney of the United States, for the district of North-Carolina, by Gen. Washington, and for many years represented the district of Wilmington in the Congress of the United States.

At Norfolk, Mrs. Tamer Wakefield, wife of Capt. George Wakefield.

At Salem, John Morris, an eminent merchant, and an excellent citizen.

At Savannah, Mr. James Johnston, printer, aged 70 years, a native of Edinburgh, N. Britain, having resided 50 years in Georgia. He was a man of the most unblemished morals and integrity, combined with the most benevolent disposition—an indulgent master, a kind husband and parent; and in fact, in him were centred all the good qualities that adorn the human heart.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, NO 3 PECKS-SHIP

Bibles, Testaments, Monitors, Spelling-Books, Primers; Gough's, Fenning's, Hamilton's, Walsh's, Wal-kingham's, and Dilworth's Arithmetics; Walker's, Sheridan's, Baylie's, Webster's, and Entick's Dictionaries. Writing and Letter Paper, Quills, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Ink Powder, Ink Stands, Pencils, Indian Rubber, Indian Ink, Blank Books, &c.

Also, an excellent Assortment of CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

December 31, 1808.

JEWELLERY,

At No. 200 Broad-way

EDWARD ROCKWELL, informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No 200 Broad way, where he solicits a continuance of their custom and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, breast pins, lockets finger rings, miniature settings, pearl plain and enamelled, and of every fashion, hair worked necklaces and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention: he will sell at the lowest price and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory, to be equal to any.

COURT OF APOLLO.

A CHAPTER OF LOGIC;

OR,

THE HORSE-CHESTNUT AND THE CHESTNUT HORSE.

Written *in propria* upon reading in the newspapers the observation of Mr Montague Mathew being no more like Mr Matthew Montague than a Horse Chestnut was to a Chestnut Horse?

As Eton stripling, training for the law,
A dunce at syntax, but a dab at law,
One happy Christmas laid upon the shelf
His cap, and gown, and store of learned pelf,
With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
Arrived, and passed the usual how-d'-ye-does,
Inquiries of old friends, and college news:
'Well, Tom—the road; what saw you worth discern-
ing!

Or, How goes study? What is it you're learning?
'Oh! Logic, Sir; but not the shallow rules
Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools!
'Tis wits' and wranglers' logic; that, d'ye see!
I'll prove at once, as plain as A B C,
That an *eel-pie*'s a *pigeon*—To deny it,
Would be to swear black's not black.' 'Come, let's
try it.'

'An *eel-pie* is a pie of fish.' 'Agreed.'
'*Fish-pie* may be a *jack-pie*.' 'Well, proceed.'
'A *Jack-pie* is a *John-pie*; and 'tis done:
For every *John-Pie* must be a *Pie John*.' [Pigeon.]
'Bravo,' Sir John cries; 'logic for ever!
That beats my grandmother's, and she was clever.
But hold, my boy, since it would be too hard
That wit and learning should have no reward,
To-morrow, for a stroll, the parks we'll cross,
And there I'll give thee—' 'What?' 'My *Chestnut*
Horse.'

'A horse!' quoth Tom, 'blow, pedigree, and paces!
Heaven! what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!
To bed he went, and slept for downright sorrow
That night must go before he'd see the morrow;
Dreamt of his boots and spurs, and leather breeches;
Hunting of cats, and leaping rails and ditches;
Left his warm nest an hour before the lark,
Dragged his old uncle, fasting, to the park!
Halter in hand, each vale he scoured; at loss
To spy out something like a Chestnut Horse;
But no such animal the meadows cropt.
At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stooped;
A branch he caught, then shook it, and down fell
A fine Horse Chestnut, in its prickly shell.
'There, Tom, take that.' 'Well, Sir, and what be-
side?'

'Why, since you're brooked, *kill it and ride*.
'Ride what? a chestnut?' 'Aye; come get across;
I tell you, Tom, that *Chestnut* is a *Horse*—
And the horse you'll get; for I can shew,
As clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so.
Not by the mnsty, fustv, worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon—addle-headed fools!
Or old Melbranche—blind pilot into knowledge!
But by the laws of wit and Eton College;
All axioms but the *Wranglers* I'll disown,
And stick to one sound argument—*your own*.
Thus now you've proved it, as I don't deny,
That a *Pie John*'s the same as a *John-Pie*;
What follows then? Why, as a thing of course,
That a *Horse Chestnut* is a *Chestnut Horse*.'

FRENCH TUITION.

At No. 1, Magazine, near Chatham Street,
Where the French Language is now taught, and where
the School will continue to be kept during the whole
season. Persons desirous of becoming acquainted
with that almost universal language, and who may
favour M. Fraiser with their commands, will have a
good opportunity, during that time to acquire a com-
petent knowledge of the language to transact business,
in general.

N.B. An evening School is kept, for the convenience
of Gentlemen who find it inconvenient to attend in
day time.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
FROM LONDON,
At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or-
namented Combs of the newest fashion—also La-
dies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball
far superior to any other for softening beautifying
and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agree-
able perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small
compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles
Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Rose so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples red-
ness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after
shaving with printed directions 3s 4s 8s and 12s
bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the
hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey
4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d
Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste for washing the
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per
pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder for the
teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin
Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Almond powder
for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glos-
sing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from
turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Po-
matums 1s per pot or soil. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Life Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted
His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chy-
mical principles to help the operation of shaving 2s
and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books
Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton
Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold
'The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic
Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn
combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving
but have their goods fresh and free from adultera-
tion, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trucks Marsailles Pomatum
Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 1, 1809

FOR SALE,

A FARM AND MILLS,

in the County of Orange, State of New York, two
miles from Cornwall Landing, and 60 miles from the
City of New York.—The Farm contains 120 acres,
mostly good land, with sufficient meadow and wood.
The best kinds of grafted fruit, apples, pears, peaches,
plumbs, &c. a good dwelling-house, barn, and other
out-houses, and a well by the door. The Mill is 40
by 50 feet, built of stone. It is a strong building,
with two run of Burr stones, and a good stream; and
may be converted to carrying on any kind of manu-
facture.—The whole is to be sold cheap, and a good
title will be given by the subscriber, on the premises.

CALEB SUTTON.

December 17, 1808.

1035—47

BUTTERWORTH'S CONCORDAZCR,

AND

BURKETT ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Wanted a second hand copy of each by J. Tinsout,
No. 228, Water-street.

Dec. 17.

1035—21.

CISTERNs,

Made and put in the ground complete warranted,
tight, by
C ALFORD,
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

MINIATURE PAINTING.

P. FRISEN

Respectfully informs the Ladies and gentlemen that
he continues to paint likenesses, from 5 to 10 dollars
each—the likenesses and painting warranted to please.
Specimens to be seen at No. 104, Chatham-street
where Gold Lockets, Bracelets, and all kinds of Hair
Work, is executed on the most reasonable terms.
Nov. 5. 1029—17

EMBROIDERING CHINELLS,
ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale
at No 104 Maiden-lane

CARDS, HAND-BILLS &c.
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE
ON MODERATE TERMS.

WANTED,

A Boy as an Apprentice to the Gunsmith and Cutlery
business, one from the country will be preferred en-
quire at this Office.

November 19

1031—17.

LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE.

FREDERICK W. DANNENBERG

Proposes to give Lessons on the Piano-Forte, at his
residence, No. 60, Maiden-lane, on the following
Terms.

1. To enable him to pay the utmost attention to the
progress of his Pupils, he will engage with Only
Twelve Scholars.
2. Six scholars to form a Class, and to be taught at a
time.
3. Each class to receive their lessons twice a week,
from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.
4. Each class to consist of scholars of equal capacity,
so as to render the instructions in their progress e-
qually beneficial to all.
5. As soon as six scholars have offered, the Tuition
to commence.
6. Terms £ 12. 50 cents per quarter, for each scholar.

Mr. Dannenberg pledges himself, that his pupils
shall have the strictest attention paid to their accom-
plishment in this branch of Polite Education.

N.B. He continues giving Private Lessons on the
Piano-forte at his House, and attends Ladies at their
Houses, if required

For sale, a very fine toned GRAND PIANO-
Forte, of Messrs. Broadwood and Son London—
selected by Mr. Frederick Rausch.

December 10, 1808.

1031—17

HUTCHINS IMPROVED ALMANACK,

For 1809:

By the Groce, Dozen, or Single One.

ALSO,

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF
CHRISTMAS PIECES.

COLOURED AND PLAIN.

For Sale at this Office.

S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No. 2, Peck Slip,
and at the Proprietor's, 48, Frankfort-street

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS
at this office.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE